A

SERMON

PREACHED AT

WALDEN in *ESSEX*,

May 29th.

AT THE INTERRING

of the Corps of the right HONORABLE

SUSANNA,

Counteſſe of

SUFFOLKE.

Who dyed *May* 19th. 1649.

By EDW: RAINBOWE. D. D.

Hier: Ep: ad Marcellam.

In optimis prædicandis bonorum
ad virtutem Studia concitentur.

London, Printed by *W. Wilſon*, for *Gabriell Bedell*, *M. M.* and *T. C.* and are to be ſold at their ſhop at the Middle Temple-Gate. 1649.

Ex dono Autoris.

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BY EDW: RAINBOWE. D. D.

London, Printed by W. Wilson, for [illegible]

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE JAMES Earle of *SUFFOLKE.*

My Lord,

THat I have not paid a more ſpeedy obedience to your Lodſhips Commands, and the admonitions of ſome of my worthieſt friends, in making publick theſe following conceptions, proceeded from no other reaſon than that, in my more deliberate review, I thought it ſome injury to her high deſerts to have expreſſed ſo little, where with truth and evidence ſo much might have been aſſerted. It had been a taske not leſſe pleaſing to my ſelf, and more ſatisfactory to all that knew her, to have pend an Hiſtory rather than a Sermon: and if a happier pen had undertaken this ſubject, the ſtory of her life might prove a moſt perſwaſive Orator for goodneſſe and piety, the higheſt effects of Sermons. But conſidering the place where I was

to

to make this discourse, I could not otherwise contrive, but that what could be spoken in the praise of so incomparable a Lady, must hold small proportion with what must be suppresst in silence, and because I would be true to the Title, I have made no addition, nor considerable alteration.

That the Image of her Virtues may finde a place in your Lordships memory, and may live in your daily imitation, and of all who shall see some glimpses of it in this unartificiall but faithfull representation, to the glory of him whose Image she bore, is the fervent prayer of

Your Lordships

Audley-End. *Sept.* 11.
1649.

most humbly devoted servant

EDW: RAINBOWE.

[redacted]

ECCLES. 7. 1.

A good name is better than Precious Oyntment; and the Day of Death than the Day of ones Birth.

THe Text needs no preface; the ſad occaſion of our preſent meeting, our laſt duty to a deceaſed Lady, in whoſe grave Honour, Vertue, Goodneſſe, Grace, a rare meaſure of humane perfections ſeeme to be interred; this ſets a black and mournfull Preface before the Text. But comfort ye, beloved! the occaſion indeed is a ſad Preface to the Text, but the Text may afford a comfortable theme and argument unto the occaſion. I come not here to afflict you altogether from the memory of your ſinnes, which now bid you weep over her grave, but alſo to afford ſome comfort from the ſence of her happineſs, and to deſire you to take ſome pleaſure in her fame and memory. The text and the occaſion mingled together make a chequer-worke, a mixture of black and white, mourning and joy; when we preſent to your imaginations how Precious a Veſſell of Oyntment is this day broken, and that the Day of Death hath ſeized on her, who can blame our griefe? But if we will conſider, that by *breaking this boxe* of *ſpiknard*, her *Good name*, which is better than *precious oyntment*, is powred forth, and makes a ſweet fragrancy in the world; and that to thoſe, who dye in the Lord, and with ſuch a *Good Name*, the *Day of Death is better than the Day of their Birth*; ſurely then we will not grieve, as without Hope. That I

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may therfore gain some alacrity from your Attentions, and Vigour to mine own Spirit, let me intreat you to take your eyes awhile from the occasion, from her Herse, and look upon the text and the consolation which is afforded in it. *A Good Name, &c.*

The words contain a twofold comparison of two kinds of Blessings; and he that pronounced the sentence was the fittest man that ever lived to be an Arbitrator; *Solomon*, the *wise* and the *happy*; a King whose both hands God had filled with blessings of every kind, and having a heart as large as the Sea-shore, and wisedom to discern, having gained abundance to his hearts desire, and his knowledge being master over all things small and great, low and tall, from the Hysop which groweth upon the wall to the Highest Cedar; he stands here in this text, as it were with the scales in his hand, and having before, in the foregoing chapters, thrown out of the Balance all that Drosse and froth of the world, Vain Desires, Riches, Pleasures, Labours, I say having found these to be vanity it selfe, or lighter than vanity, and cast them out of the comparison, having by many negatives excluded what is not, what cannot make up Happiness (whatsoever the blind, unequall world may judge) he now comes to be positive, and to let us see that there is a Happinesse belongs to Man, and further proceedes to shew wherein it consists, and in what degrees, and first begins with the means to it, the first of which he counts to be a *Good name.*

And here not changing the way and method of his arguing, by way of comparison, proving the excellency of that which hee commends by shewing that it weighs downe in the Balance, and is better than those things, wherin men are wont to place most excellency; he thus argues, *A good name* is good, for it is better than Precious Oyntment; and the Day of Death, for that is better than the Day of ones Birth.

So that in the words you finde a twofold comparison, the first betwixt a *Good Name* and *Pretious Oyntment*, that is, *Riches* and *Delights*, the second betwixt *Life* and *Death*, the coming into this

this world, and (by a Sylleptis) the living in it, and betwixt the departing from this world, and the going out of it; *Solomon* gives not the verdict, as perchance the world would give it; *A Good name* in his Balance weigh'd downe Delights and Pleasures, to shake hands with this temporall life, in his esteeme, is better than to imbrace it.

Before I weigh these together let me first shew you those commodities distinctly, and severally, after that we shall more clearly make good the difference and the excellency by comparing them together.

First, let me shew you what a *Good Name* is, and how weighty a blessing. Secondly, *Precious Oyntment* or costly delights, how light they are. Thirdly, present them together to be weighed.

For the second comparison of *Life* and *Death*, which I take chifely to be an explication of the former, an addition of more weight to that scale of the Balance wherein a *Good Name* is placed, I shall first speake of it, so, that is, relatively, as it serves to inhance a *Good Name*. Secondly, Absolutely, as it is a true assertion in it selfe, that the *Day of Death is better than the Day of ones Birth* or living in the world. And then in the last place I shall endeavour to apply it to our selves and the present occasion.

For the first, take notice that a *Good Name* although it be grounded upon some Habits or Qualities inherent in our selves, or supposed so to be by others, yet it is *aliquid extra*, something without us, it is that which others apply to us, think, or speak of us. We must distinguish betwixt a *Good Name* fundamentally, meritorious and inward, and a *Good Name* applicatively, dispensed, and outward. To deserve a *Good Name*, or to have a *Good Name*; *A Good name* really, or a Good name, onely Nominally, in the eyes of God, or from the tongues of Men. And so there is a threefold Good name, according to a threefold condition of men. There are men meerely Naturall, others civilly Morall, and a third sort Christian and Religious; so you may have whatevery one of these three call a Good name for complyance either with Nature, Morality, or Grace.

First, for Naturall parts as Judgement, Wit, Memory, Strength, Indowments, or from great performances by them done; Thus you may be said by some men to have a Good Name even for evill actions; The world will speak well of you, if you live according to the custome of the world. Beware, saith our Saviour, when men speak well of you, that is, when you have a *Good Name* with the men of this world, their praise is an ill sign, none hath a *Good Name* with them, except they run to the same excess of Ryot with them. This *Good Name* is no Precious Oyntment, but a stain, a besmearing, it makes no perfume, but a stench in the nostrills of men truly, nay onely morally, Good.

Examine what Good signifies with wicked & prophane men, as a *Good Gamster*, a *Good Companion*, a *Good Fellow*, that is a good drinker, or good to drive away the precious time; here how much the better, the worse; a *Good Name* here is a very eare-mark, a brand, a stigmatizing, that is not the *Good Name* commended in the text, the Naturall mans Good-name. So a Great Name is not alwaies a *Good Name*, as *Alexanders*, *Cæsars*, the *Babel-builders*, no more than his who burnt a temple to be talked of, to have a Great Name.

Secondly, the Morall mans Good Name or Fame for acts or habits morally Good, either Practicall or Speculative; a man may have a Good Name for excelling in his Art or Profession, as a Good Physitian, a Good Divine, in Mechanicks a Good Engineer, a Good Artificer; but chiefly for the Habits of Morall Vertues, as for Justice, Temperance, Valour, Sobriety, Thrift and the like: for either excelling in some one, or some few of these vertues a man may have a Good Name, and this Good Name is very commendable in its degree and station, especially if it be grounded on Reall, not Counterfeit Vertues, and these universall, sincere, not with any mixture of Vice, as to have a Name for Justice, Temperance, Prudence, or other vertues, is to have a Good Name, but not the Good Name here meant.

Thirdly and lastly, to make Morall Vertues complete by the Theologicall or Christian Vertues, Faith, Hope, and Charity, this

is

is the Christians Good Name; to have Morality baptized, to turne Vertue into Grace, to plant all those faire Cyens on the Fruitfull stock of Faith, to get first that Mother Grace of Faith, and then to adde to your Faith Vertue, as 2 *Pet.* 1. 5. *Giving all diligence* (saith he) *adde to your Faith Vertue.* Let Faith be first in the number, then adde and multiply. Adde to your Faith Vertue, and to Vertue knowledge, and to Knowledge Temperance, and to Temperance Patience, and to Patience Godlinesse, & to Godlinesse Brotherly Kindnesse, and to Brotherly Kindnesse Charity; Charity, in whose wombe lye all the Vertues, all the Duties of the second Table: he that hath, and exerciseth these, hath laid a good Foundation, hath gained a good Report, his Name shall be written Good, upon that Foundation; hee hath approved himselfe unto God and Men, 'Tis not the Praises of men, but to approve himself and his Conscience to God which he seekes, but yet the Generation of the Faithfull shall call him Blessed. And this is that, which I call the Christians Good Name.

That's the first thing, what is here meant by a Good Name: Now that we may come nearer to the comparison.

Secondly, why is it said, Than Pretious Oyntment. By Oyntment so set out, under the Title of Precious, is meant the Richest, the most delicious pleasures. In those Countries and Times these *Oyntments* were used for the greatest & most sumptuous Delights and Refreshments, whether for their fragrancy and aromaticall sweetnesse, which ravished the Sence of smelling, a sence of great pleasure and delight; or else that they were made of healthfull ingredients, and compositions of oyle, and such as made the face to shine, that is conduced to make them chearefull and merry; or because they were also soveraign balm and medicinable to heal and strengthen; or lastly, because the greatest cost that might be was frequently laid out in such Oyntments: as that remembred to have been bestowed on our Saviour by the woman of *Bethany*, *Mark.* 14. 3. *Spikenard very precious*, which made such a fragrancy, that it hath given a *Good Name* to that woman, according to our Saviours prediction, in all places, when

the Goſpel is, or hath been preached. Although I might ſhew ſome other grounds for the ſimilitude, the inward fragrancy and the outward diffuſion; making the face to ſhine, and making the man to ſhine, &c. yet theſe I paſs over, and many the like. The meaning of drawing Precious Oyntment into the compariſon, is this, (by a *Synechdoche* or a comprehending many things under one word.) *A Good Name is better than Precious Oyntment*, that is, better than whatſoever is Delicious, Pleaſant, or Wholſome, or Coſtly; in a word, its better than all corporall Pleaſures; that's the firme aſſertion of the Text. And becauſe *Contraria juxta ſe poſita, &c.* Contraries placed together appear beſt, place them now in the Scales, Vertue, Piety, Grace in the one Scale, Worldly Pleaſures and Delights in the other, and See, with a ſound Judgment and ſteddy hand, which will be of moſt weight and price.

I will not here ſhew you the baſe, low, and unſatisfying objects of the one, ſuch as never quench the thirſt of deſire, and in the other that by them we are carryed up to God, the chiefeſt and only filling Good; I need not tell you the one are tranſitory and fade in a moment, that the other carry us to Eternity, and remain with us there; that the end of Pleaſure is pain and ſhame, (*What pleaſure have you in thoſe things, whereof you are now aſhamed*) that the end of Vertue and Godlineſs is Comfort here, and Glory hereafter. *Si quid bene feceris cum dolore, &c.* The ſaying is eminent; if you do any thing well, though with travell and pain, the paines and travell ceaſe and vaniſh, but the good Conſcience of the Deed, and the *Good Name* remaine for ever; But on the contrary, *Si quid male feceris cum voluptate, &c.* If you do any thing ill with Pleaſure, the Pleaſure will ſoon paſs, but the ill will ſtick as an indelible character, the guilt and the ſtain will never off in this life, no nor in the other; bad deeds will haunt our Ghoſts, We are thy works and will follow thee.

But I will not ſpend time in comparing theſe together, there is ſo viſible a diſparity and diſtance, we need not weigh them; every

every one, who hath any Christian discretion can judge by the eye, or the hand, which is most weighty; Bodily, Outward, Temporall Delights, or a *Good Name* gained from Vertue, Faith, Godlineſs, for ſo I take it for the Christians *Good Name* fundamentally, grounded on true Deſert, not for the vain Applauſe of Men, who as often call Evill Good, as Goodneſs it ſelf.

That ſhall ſuffice in brief, to have touched upon the firſt compariſon, A *Good Name*, namely the true and ſound name of Faith and Holineſs.

Now I come to the ſecond, betwixt being born, or betwixt the ſtate of this life, and that which we are put into by Death, *The Day of Death is better than the Day of ones Birth.*

And theſe words I take as depending upon and connected to the former, that the ſence may be this, *A good Name is better than Precious Ointment*, and to him that hath obtained this *Good Name* deſervedly (for ſo we ſuppoſe it) elſe it is not *Radically Good, the Day of his Death is better than the Day of his Birth.*

The truth of the compariſon appears therfore, firſt in this relative ſenſe, although ſecondly it be abſolutely true alſo, That *the Day of Death is better than the Day of Birth.*

But firſt in relation to a *Good Name*, and that firſt in regard of the time and ſeaſon for the production of it; *Death* is the proper ſeaſon for a *Good Name*; after life enters, in nature, after Birth, the firſt thing we commonly think of, is a *Name*; to give a *Name* to him that is born; ſo after Death, the firſt thing men ſay or do, is to give a *Name* to the Party deceaſed, but that after birth, was a *Name* of civill Diſtinction, this a *Name* of Morall or Religious difference; that was a *Name*, and no more; this a *Name* with an adjunct, Good or Bad: At *Circumciſion* the *Jewes*, at *Baptiſme* the *Chriſtians*, give proper *Names*, ſo after Death men obtain proper *Names* according to their deſerts; we call that their *Chriſtian Name*, but this indeed ought moſt properly ſo to be called, if ſo deſerved: at Death we may know on whom moſt properly to faſten the *Chriſtian Name*, the Name of true *Chriſtian*, *Iſraelite*

raelite indeed. *Circumciſion* in the fleſh followed Nativity, and *Chriſtian Name* (as we call it) by receiving into the outward boſome of the Church; but after Death, you many times diſcover there was *Circumciſion* in the heart, that he was a *Chriſtian* by the inward *Baptiſme* of the *Spirit*, and not in the Letter, whoſe praiſe is not of Men, but of God.

Secondly, as Death is the proper ſeaſon for the eſſence of a *Good Name*, ſo for the certainty of it; Men may make a fair ſhew all their life, and may deſerve well, but all is well, that *ends well*; Who can tell whether a bright day may not ſet in a Cloudy or Rainy Evening? *Mors ſola fatetur*, Death only can tell the meaſure of a *Good Name*, reach to the End of it, all other things, Opinions, hopes, Confidences may go a great way, but they may come ſhort, nothing but Death puts out of doubt, when that hath ſet the ſeal to a *Good Name*, all is finiſhed.

So that now you ſee the dependence of theſe two compariſons, why King *Solomon* joyns theſe two together, a *Good Name*, *Death*, *Oyntment*, and *Birth*; A *Good Name* is better than all outward Delights, if *Death* gives the caſting voyce, ſet the ſeal to it, and *the Day of Death better than the Day of Birth*, becauſe it gives the being and certainty to a *Good Name*, a *Name* with an adjunct, an Epithet or Title of Honour. Life gives a bare name only, and no more.

I could now by plentifull proofs ſhew you that *the Day of Death* in an abſolute ſence, *is better than the Day of ones Birth*, or the time of Life; If I would ſet before you the infirmities which we bring into this world, the frailties and dangers, the diſeaſes, the miſeries, the ſins that purſue us, overtake us, go along with us, dwell with us, in us; whilſt we have our dwelling in theſe houſes of fleſh, theſe habitations of Clay. Beloved, though I be ſilent, the tragicall times, the fears even of worſe, the calamities of the Church of God in all places, your own eyes and ſenſes, what you ſee at home, what you hear abroad, what this Coffin tels you, what you feel within you, what worſe you may juſtly fear, are ſufficient witneſſes, that this life hath little of true

worth

worth and *happineſs* to ſupport it; others may weep when we go out of the world, our ſelves have more reaſon (and ſo they ſay Nature hath taught us) to weep when we come in. That then which relieves us, that reſcues us from thoſe enimies that ſurround us, that takes away want, finiſhes miſery, and ceaſes the raign of ſin, if we did not arrive at a poſitive happineſs, but if all were terminated in deliverance from theſe, and then we had no more being at all, but were to be wrapt up in our firſt nothing, yet certainly this very deliverance from miſery and torment might be a happineſs, and that accounted happy that brings it; This, at leaſt the *Day of Death* brings forth, it changeth us from a ſtate of ſin and wretchedneſs, and in this very regard it's to be preferr'd to a life, which chains us up in both. But that is not all, its not only privative, but poſitive; where it ſees the ſeal of a *Good Name* ſet upon any, it opens the Door, it ſets open the everlaſting Gate of Happineſs, whoſoever hath that *Name* engraven on his forehead, that *Good Name*, that *New Name* from his being a *New Creature*, for being in Chriſt, that hath ſuch a Name as God vouchſafes to write in his Book the Book of Life, *the Day of Death*, to ſuch an one, is the morning of bleſſedneſs which never ſhall have an evening; it is not poſſible to compare it, it's not proportionable to enter compariſon here betwixt the *Day of Naturall Birth* and *Death*, which is their *Birth-Day* to Eternity.

Thus you have briefly ſeen what a *Good Name* is, and whereon grounded, and the weight of it; *Precious Oyntments* alſo, *Pleaſures* and *Delights*, the lightneſs of them in compariſon. You have ſeen that *the Day of Death* is a proper ſeaſon when a *Good Name* buds forth, flouriſhes, and is aſcertain'd, and that therefore it is better for thoſe who have that *Name* than the *Day* of their *Naturall Birth*; likewiſe that *the Day of Death* is to be preferred to the *Day* of *Birth*, becauſe it puts an end to ſin and miſery, which that begins, and is the way to Happineſs.

What now remains? what ſhall I ſay for application? ſhould I reprove thoſe who erre in opinion, and build their *Good Name*

upon *Greatneſs*, *Glory*, *Fame*, *Naturall indowments*, *Morall accompliſhments*, *Beauty*, *Wit*, *Mirth*, *Friendſhip* and the like, or any thing not *Chriſtian*; Or ſhould I ſtir you up to lay a ſure foundation for a *Good Name* in *Faith*, *Holineſs* and *Virtue*; Should I leſſen the terrors of *Death*, and haſten any of you in the deſires of it, which gives ſo fair a ſeaſon to this Glorious Flower, a *Good Name*, which ſhuts the door on ſin and miſery, and opens to eternall joyes, in all theſe the text might be a copious theme, and I can hardly refrain from inlarging.

But becauſe Examples have a more lively force on the ſouls of men than ſimple Precepts, and Practice is the only warrant, that rules are Good, and that it hath ſeemed Good to him who hath the iſſues of *Life* and *Death* in his hand to lay ſuch a *Pregnant Spectacle* before our eyes, as may give an exemplary teſtimony to the truth of this text, I ſhall now take leave to ſet before your Chriſtian attention ſome few ſuch obſervations from and upon the Life and Death of this Eminent Perſonage, whom the uncontrolable Will of the Almighty hath made the ſad occaſion of our preſent meeting, as may inhance the price of a *Good Name*, and make Death have its true comfort, when we ſee it happen after a well-ſpent and well-ended life.

And now well remembring where I am, and in whoſe dreadfull preſence, before that God of truth, who can meaſure the Deeds and words of men, and ſee what conformity they hold, in a Congregation alſo, amongſt many of whom the light of her converſation did ſhine and could not be hid, I ſhall in all ſincerity indeavour to ſpeak nothing for *Favour*, *Relation*, *Flattery*, or to gain a *Vain-glorious Name* to her that is gon, or him that ſpeaks, but to ſet forth ſuch reall Virtues as ſhined in her life, that we may all have occaſion to glorifie God, who was graciouſly pleaſed to inſtamp ſuch lively Characters of his Image upon a poor corruptible Creature, and to aſpire after all that is praiſeworthy in ſo precious an example, that at our Death we all may have lively hopes to be alſo numbred amongſt the living, and to leave a *Good Name* fragrant and refreſhing to all thoſe who live after us.

And

And now, where ſhall I begin? and how ſhall I find an end? both did ſeem alike difficult to my preparations; whereon ſhall I lay the foundation to build a *Precious Name* and *Memoriall* for her, who her ſelf had purchaſed it ſo many wayes? Shall I tell you of her naturall parts and indowments? Shall I tell you how her Parents and her ſelf had perfected thoſe by carefull education, art, and induſtry? Shall I let you know how thoſe were made Gracefull by a meek, pleaſant, and affable Deportment? How they were adorned with the choyſeſt Jewels, which every Virtue could afford her, or which is rareſt, that all theſe were conſecrated by a Religious, even frame and temper? and laſtly, which is the higheſt Perfection attainable on Earth, that ſhe and they were ſanctified by the viſible operations of the Spirit of God, whoſe Image ſat bright and Glorious on her Soul, and did ſhine through all her Converſation? Theſe are the ſolid ſure foundations of a *Good Name*, and all theſe crouded ſo into my thoughts at once, that they were eaſily loſt in the many fair paths and turnings, through which (look which way ſoever you would) her Excellencies, Parts, Virtues, Graces, were ready to invite and draw my meditations.

But that this univerſality may not diſorder your thoughts, as they have done mine, I muſt not ſeek ſuch arguments for her Praiſe being dead, (as have no faſt bottom for an *Inward Good Name*, and) for which ſhe would not only diſpraiſe, but ſharply cenſure me if ſhe were living. Namely, for any thing ſhe had by nature; although from that too in this regard, ſeeing whatſoever Nature had given her, ſhe made a Veſſell to lay up ſome Grace or other in.

If I ſhould tell you of the Sharpneſs of her *Wit*, I could not better inſtance to prove it, than that in Queſtions of Religion, chiefly Caſes of Conſcience and difficult places of Scriptures, ſhe was moſt ſudden at making Nice Doubts, and extraordinary happy in reſolving them, at leaſt to the ſatisfying of others, although ſuch was her Humility, and low eſteem of her own

Gifts, that ſhe would earneſtly labour for the reſolution of others, rather than truſt to her own.

Her *Judgment* was moſt *ſound*, which might appear, as by concurrence with the *Wiſe* and *Learned* in opinions about ſecular affairs, private or publique, ſo chiefly in the Controverſies in Religion; that amids all thoſe differences and varieties of opinions, to the Knowledge of which ſhe was drawn by her curious Soul, which had a mighty thirſt after all kind of knowledge, eſpecially in matters which concerned *God*, *Religion*, and *Eternity*, I ſay, though ſhe knew all, *Good* and *Evill*, yet ſhe had a *Diſcerning Judgment*, and *Exerciſed Senſes* to *chuſe* the *Good*, and *refuſe* the *Evill*, not only in points ſimply neceſſary to *Salvation*, in which we may believe the Spirit of God would not let her fall, but in Speculative truths her opinions were not tainted, nor her mind ſhaken, with any of thoſe plauſible Errors, wherewith the Times have now ſo miſerably infeſted and diſtracted the Church of God, and *led Captive* many well-meaning Souls, but her knowing and well-grounded aſſent went along firſt with the *Sure Rule*, the *Written Word* of *God*, then with thoſe, who for ſticking to that, have been held the *Soundeſt* and moſt *Claſſicall*; Whereſoever, in caſes, ſhe differd from the moſt-received opinions, it was commonly in Practicall points, and ſeldom but ſhe inclined to the more ſtrict, her very Error (if it were one) deſerving its own pardon.

Her *Phancy* was moſt Divine, and although ſhe fed it very much with *Humane Authors*, delighting in Wit, that was Pure, and filled with ingenious and artificiall conceit, Poetry eſpecially, in the apprehenſion of which ſhe was very *Dexterous*, and would ever ſet a Mark upon ſuch expreſſions as were moſt emphaticall and quaint, many times adding a Grace by her particular interpretation, even beyond the intention of the *Author*, but with exceeding fitneſs and ſignificancy; yet ſhe moſt confined her Phancy to *Gather Flowers* in *Paradiſe*, in *Gods Garden*, in his *Book*, and in ſuch as exerciſed their wits in that *Field*, eſpecially in *Divine Poetry*, in which kind ſhe took

took an exceſſive delight to be converſant in Mr. *Herberts Temple*, in which ſhe found out ſuch fit and ſignificant elegancies, that when ſhe read or repeated them, it was hard to determine whether the Author or ſhe made the ſence, ſuch innumerable deſcants would ſhe make upon every ſingle expreſſion there; And to ſhew what delight ſhe took in that heavenly Wit, I have heard her more than once, ſeriouſly aver, that if there were no more extant but her copy, ſome hundreds of pounds ſhould not purchaſe that *little Book* from her, and if it had come to the offer, I am well aſſured no money (of which ſhe was no admirer at all, of *Wit*, *Devout Sanctified Wit* eſpecially, very much) could have gain'd it from her.

Her *Memory* excelled not her other Parts, and yet was even to admiration *Happy*, of which the proofs were not ſo many in ſecular affairs, becauſe her exerciſes in them were but of diſcretion, Neceſſity, and to pleaſe Others; Her joy and delight were in ſuch things as adorned her Soul, and in ſuch her *Memory* was the moſt *Faithfull Servant* that could be imagined; ſhe did not make it her Task to get things without Book, but what ſhe liked, her *Memory*, like a good Steward, would carefully lay up, even without bidding; Begin a Religious *Ode* of Mr. *Herberts*, which ſhe had read, and ſhe would ordinarily repeat the reſt without ſticking or miſſing; nay ſcarce could you begin any verſe in the Bible to which ſhe would not preſently adde the latter end, as to the *Pſalms* of *David*, and ſome other places, I have been an Ear-witneſs at the tryalls, and this only by the willingneſs of her *Memory*, not any tasking of it; Theſe ſhe had at her Heart, therfore might ſay them by Heart, ſhe had them rooted in her Heart and Affections, and therfore might more eaſily rehearſe them, they lay uppermoſt, and therfore were ready at all occaſions. Out of the abundance of the *Heart* the *Mouth* ſpeaketh.

I muſt not forget to give one pregnant inſtance of her *Memory*, when imployed about theſe better things, ſhe hath ſometimes the day after the Lords Day, locked up her ſelf in private,

and from her *Memory* committed to writing a Sermon, which she had heard the Day before, so perfectly that little was wanting in the very words wherein it was delivered. Some here have been an Eye-Witness of one Sermon which she thus took from the mouth of a Grave Prelat, who yet (blessed be God for it) preaches weekly in *London*; This she had propounded to her self to do constantly, and with great alacrity pleased her self in the thoughts of it, but necessary occasions on the day following, for the most part robbing her of her much-desired privacie, she was with great grief (and I have heard her complain) compelled to lay that practice aside, untill God should give her more fixed opportunities.

When I think what Nature made her, I cannot also but remember that Grace restored her, even her Body, to be *a living Temple of the Holy Ghost*, and these three choyce ornaments of hers, her *Memory*, *Judgment*, and *Phancy*, may find some fit resemblance with those three peculiar Treasures, which were laid up in the *Sanctum Sanctorum* of the *Temple* of God; namely the *Pot of Manna*, the *Tables* of the *Covenant*, and *Aarons rod* that *budded*: *Her Judgment* was as the *Pot of Manna*, in which she could find all wholsome soul-feeding Doctrines; her *Memory* as the *Tables* of the *Covenant*, *Gods Law being her meditatation day and night*; her *Phancy* as *Aarons Rod* that budded fresh buds of refined Wit and invention alwayes sprouting from it.

Besides these she had a most Methodicall Head, to dispose of all her affairs Personall, Domestick, Civil, Religious, into the cleerest order that might be; And to this a naturall Aptness to any Art, or any Imployment, even to Tongues and Sciences, Musick, Needle-work, Cutting, Drawing, and whatsoever was usefull, or harmlesly delightfull.

But what do I speak so long of these Naturall Gifts, Vessells so soon broken, though so well season'd, nay and adorned; which although, like the vessells in the *Temple*, consecrated almost wholly to sacred uses, yet as those Vessells, and that *Temple*, were

were broken and demoliſhed after the coming of Chriſt, that God might be more ſerved in *Spirit* and *Truth*, ſo the *Temple* of her Body being deſtroyed by the *coming* and *Call* of Chriſt, theſe *hallowed Veſſells* are broken with it, and now ſhe ſerves God wholly in *Spirit*, as a pure *Cherubim*, Wit, Underſtanding and Memory being wholly taken up, and raviſh't with the fruition of *Him* in Heaven, after whom they ſo aſpired, even whil'ſt ſhe was on Earth.

As theſe *Naturall endowments* might procure her a *Good Name* with thoſe, who look no higher, than meer Nature, ſo if I ſhould touch at thoſe Virtues, which gain reputation for Morality, I might advance her eſteem in this Sphere, as one, who was the moſt abſolute Governeſs over her own Paſſions, that theſe times could inſtance in; ſhe was ſeldome angry, ſo far as to chiding, and if it came to that, ſhe commonly checkt her ſelf, and if ſhe obſerved any did mark her, it ſhould end in laughing at her own Paſſion; it being often told her, that ſhe knew to do any thing more skilfully, than to chide, eſpecially if it were for any worldly matter; But if it were for any thing that concern'd the Cauſe of God, ſhe would be more ſerious in it; and often turn her Anger into a zealous reprehenſion and diſpleaſure; An Oath in her hearing, or if by Chance ſome ſcurrilous, light, or prophane Speech ſhould ſlip from any, it would make her blood to riſe in her Face, if ſhe had intereſt in the offenders, they were ſure to be reproved, and on many, to reduce them from their raſh inclinations in that kind, ſhe would invent to impoſe ſome handſome Penalties; if they were ſtrangers ſhe would let fall ſome witty Check, conſiſtent with civility, or by withdrawing her ſelf ſignifie her diſlike.

Notwithſtanding this, ſhe had a Naturall *Comity*, *pleaſantneſs* of *Behaviour*, and Civill *Urbanity*, by which ſeldom any who fell under her reproof could depart ſorrowfull out of her preſence, except it were becauſe they did depart, or for that by not ſetting a *Watch* to the *Door* of their *Mouths* they had given juſt offence to her tender *Chriſtian Ears*. Theſe Virtues

I name, becauſe where diſcretion puts them forth in Society, they are as *Precious Balms* to heal the wounds, which others ſinfull behaviour inflict on Company, or go uncured by that ſullen abſence of thoſe, who are moroſe, and know not how to apply remedies in ſeaſon and out of ſeaſon, fit and ſuitable to the maladies.

It were an endleſs labour to ſpeak of her behaviour, which for the moſt part was innocently cheerfull, unaffected towards Superiours and Equalls, undiſſembled towards friends, familiar towards inferiours, affable and acceſſible to all, and in much converſation her Words were commonly Gracious and ſeaſoned with Salt; ſhe was Conſtant in her Friendſhip, and none more uſefull, willing to take any pains, where ſhe pretended that; unapt to hear ill of any, of whom ſhe had once conceived well; nothing was ſo great a diſeaſe to her, as an accuſation of thoſe, of whom ſhe had a good opinion; her ſervants fared not the worſe for that, to whoſe errours ſhe could be as Indulgent, as to Friends, and never lookt on any ſervant which ſhe had, and believed Faithfull and Vertuous, but as upon an humble Friend. This, and her diffuſive kindneſs, which extended to all ſhe knew miſerable, hath (I dare ſay) much increaſed the true tears which have this day fallen; none underſtood relations, none could poſſibly obſerve them better than ſhe, I appeal to Huſband, Parents, Kindred, Friends, Servants, Neighbours, to witneſs this truth.

I would not inlarge on theſe, which ſeem to be but Morall Virtues, if they had been indeed no more but meer Morality; but I am aſſured they flowed from a gracious diſpoſition in her; they were the ſtreams from *Jordane*, the *Laver* of *Regeneration*, and we may well baptize them Chriſtian Virtues in her; For it is well known, that all her actions, which deliberation did give birth unto, ſhe did them out of a Conſcience of duty, and as in the Sight of God.

Hence was that *Holy Fortitude* and *Boldneſs* for *Truth*, for which ſhe durſt be *Valiant*, ſhe would ſuffer any inconvenience, rather

rather than she would tell an *Untruth*, or make an Excuse, or let any of her Servants do it, or by any *Equivocation* deceive or elude a question; For this have I known her much afflicted, when she had business, especially her Religious Tasks, how to shun company, and shun a Lye, that she might not be found out; but any Rock would she venture upon rather than an *Untruth*; and indeed it is to be doubted, that the not fearing to split against this hath made many make *Shipwracke of Faith and a good Conscience.*

Her *Charity* I need not speak of; the tongues of the *Poor* and *Distressed*, whom her pitifull heart hath often relieved, may save me that labour, and now she is gon, shall cry it at your doors, and in your street, if they be not starved in their houses, from which, I can averre, she hath kept some Families, although their relieved bowells made it divulged, not the least ostentation in her. Indeed she was made up of Christian kindness and Pity; and though I told you she was a Perfect Governess of her Passions, yet her *Compassion* alwayes governed her; nor did I ever know her shut her hand, when any in want opened their mouth for an *Alms*, she could not excuse her self by sometimes having no money about her, if any of her attendants had, they were sure to be her Almoners.

But her high-way *Charity* was not the tithe of what she gave, they need not come to her to ask, but *Clothing*, and *Food*, and *Physick*, and other *Comforts*, were sent to their habitations, that had any, nay and these provided also for some, who must otherwise have lyen without doors, and her self a frequent *Visitour* to be truly informed of their persons, and condition.

But what do I speak of her *Charity* to the Bodies of the *Poor*? she had a *Way* of *relieving* the *Souls* of all by her daily *Alms* of *Prayers* offered up; by her *Instructions* where she found the *Ignorant*, by her *Counsells* to the *Doubting* and *Scrupulous*; How hath she been moved to see some *Wretches* by distraction deprived of their Reason? how she would inquire after the known and secret causes of such Distempers, and cast about to

have ſome *Cure* if poſſible? I am ſure ſhe hath ſpoke and wrote, and travell'd for one well known in this place, whom it pleaſed God to let fall into that to be lamented condition.

But ſtill ſhe had more kindes of *Charity* than I have named, one was in forgiving *Injuries* which might be by miſtakes perchance, but if wilfullly or malicioufly caſt upon her, it was the ſame thing, indeed the ſame *Nothing* in her account or *Memory*. I told you of her *Memory*, how *Tenacious* it was; but truly if it were to lay up an *ill Turn*, it had no hold at all; *Benefits* and *Good Turns*, *Good Deeds* and good ſayings were ingraven in her heart, as if written in *Adamant*, never to be blotted out, *Offences* and *Injuries* never came near it, her *Memory* was *Water* to them, even the water of *Lethe*, which makes forget all things, all things of that nature I am ſure were ſoon forgot by her; An *Unkindneſs* indeed, for the time might make a deep impreſſion, a great wound in her heart, where all things were ſo contrary to it, ſo made up of *Kindneſs*, *Pity*, and *Charity*, ſo that it could never beget another the like *unkindneſs* there.

A further kind of *Charity* was that which the Apoſtle ſpeaks of, indeed as a fruit of the ſame true *Chriſtian Charity*; that it *thinketh none evill*, 1 *Cor.* 13. 5. She was in ſo perfect *Charity* with all conditions of men, that in theſe boyſterous times, where difference in opinion, either in civill affairs or points of *Religion*, hath bred ſo much ill blood, or indeed ſhed ſo much blood, both *Good* and *Ill*; if ſhe chanced to converſe with ſuch from whom her judgment differd in every kind, and did hear them make ſerious profeſſions that they practiſed according to that light, which was in their underſtanding, although ſhe could never be won in the leaſt degree to approve of their erroneous opinions, yet ſhe hath been in perfect *Charity*, and would not ſhun converſation with their perſons, if any relation required it, believing they could not be ſo wicked, as to diſſemble in their Profeſſions, but pitied them for being delivered up, and prayd to deliver them from the *Spirit* of *Error*.

Laſtly, for it is an hard matter for thoſe who knew her Charity

rity to be brief in relating that, wherein she was so copious in dispensing, yet if you would Know hers, and the effects of it in their *full Latitude*, I beseech you read it in that *Chapter* of *Charity*, 1 *Cor.* 13. which she seemed by her practice to have learned by heart again, and again; *Hoping all things*, *believing all things*, *enduring all things*, And yet she had one further effect of her *Charity*, which I find not there; and that was a burning Desire for the Salvation of every mans soul, Ally or Stranger, Friend or Foe; how fervent and earnest she was a little before her death for the Salvation of some within her *Family*, even of her servants, her most zealous prayer testified. Tell her of slaughter, or the violent or sudden Death of any, how her heart would shrink within her, and commonly the first question was, how was he Prepared for his *Soul?* I could fill the world with instances of this kind, but I forbear.

I could now speak of the lively Signes of her *Faith* and *Hope*, by which her Soul mounted even into the Bosome of Christ, above all fears and griefs, which these Times brought thick upon her; Fear indeed, if it came suddenly, would a little surprize her, an incidency to that Sex, and the tenderness of her nature, but assoon would she recollect her self, and by reason and religious arguments dispell all carnall fears.

So did her *Grief* yield to *Faith* and *Patience*, and the *Comforts* which she could fetch readily out of Gods Storehouse, and pertinently for her present malady, and the cure of it. When her first-born Son, her then only Child, had the pangs of death upon him, she (after prayers and tears) sat very disconsolate, and when at the report of his departure, floods of tears would needs flow from her eyes, to stop these Floodgates she took her Bible, and fell to singing of *Psalmes*, untill she had broken the violent torrent of her passion, and brought her soul to a cheerfull submission to the will of God.

I have spoken of her natnrall *Parts* and *endowments*, a little touch I have given of some of her *Virtues* and the *Ornaments* of her Mind. Those more outward of her body, as she undervalued

them, ſo I paſs them over: yet one thing let me tell you of her *Apparell*, and indeed the chief, which ſhe delighted in, and that which was ſeen above and over all the reſt, was that Garment which the Apoſtle commends, *Humility*, ſhe was clothed all over with that, the *Ornaments* of her *Mind* and *Body* all ſhined through that, and the *Veil* of *Modeſty*.

But for her Attire and Dreſſing, this I can aver, that her ſelf had the leaſt affectation for it, for her ſelf, but only for thoſe who were related to her, that ſhe might not ſeem mean or unworthy their allyance or affections. This reſolution ſhe had taken up long ſince, and avowed to wear no other *Garments* but *Black*, ſo long as ſhe ſhould live, not only preſaging what the Tragicall times might require, but as being the graveſt and moſt ſuitable to her diſpoſition. And to check all thoughts of Phancy or delighting in outward ornaments, amongſt ſome Places in her Bible, at which ſhe ſet a *Memento*, and a Mark to be often read, there yet ſticks a pin which ſhe faſtned with her own hands in the Margent againſt that *Place* in the third of the firſt of St. *Peter*, where the *Duty* of Chriſtian Wives to their *Husbands* is preſcribed, but particularly it points at the third, fourth, and fifth verſes, *Whoſe adorning, let it not be the outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of putting on of Apparell, or of wearing of Gold, but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet Spirit, which is in the ſight of God of great price*; the place is worth the conſideration of all, epecially of that Sex.

A rare mark of modeſt Gravity of one of her Place and Age: ſhe having now (which addes much to all that I have or ſhall ſay) but paſt the two and twentieth *Year* of her Age, not come to her full ſtrength and flouriſhing; ſuch a bloſſom I think can ſcarce be paralleld.

Having, as I ſaid, ſpoken a little of her *endowments*, and the habits of her *Mind*, ſpare me a little time to let you ſee that her practice was according to thoſe Habits, which ſhe had not as *Talents* buried in a napkin, but with mighty diligence and vigour improved

improved them to her Maſter's uſe, to glorifie God the giver of thoſe Gifts, to edifie and benefit thoſe to whom ſhe related, and to make her own calling and election ſure.

I ſhall ſpeak but of thoſe which were the conſtant Practice of her life, and ſuch as may ſeem preparations for her Death, and I will be as brief as it is poſſible to be in ſuch an argument.

She began the *Day* with God, and as ſhe open'd it, ſo ſhe ſhut up the evening with the ſame *Key* of *Prayer*. Moſt commonly as ſoon as ſhe could break ſleep from her eyes (or becauſe ſhe would not take her fill of ſleep, which ſhe thought ſhe loved too much, others muſt wake her) gliding into her Cloſet, and before ſhe dreſſed her body, (except ſome urgent occaſion required it) ſhe perfumed her breath with prayer, and then read her daily Task in the *Bible*, which was the *Pſalms* of *David* uſually obſerved for the day of the *Moneth*, and ſix Chapters, intending by that courſe to read the whole *Bible* over twice in the year, which I am confident ſhe did not fail of, for theſe laſt ſeven years; for if neceſſity did compell her to omit once or twice, ſhe doubled or tripled her number at the next opportunity.

She ordered her *Soul* firſt, and then all other things were ſet in exacteſt order, *Books*, *Time*, &c. ſhe had digeſted her hours into methods for affairs, repaſts, readings of Books of Humanity, Divinity, Devotion chiefly, as may appear both by the Books marked in the Margent, and noted with her own hand, as alſo by her papers and memorialls, when ſhe began to read any Book. Beſides reading her tasks in the *Bible*, which ſhe did for the daily bread and food of her ſoul, ſhe for pious recreation and more exact knowledge, had ſet time apart to examine the hard places by *Deodates* Notes, and of others, which ſhe had by her, and becauſe ſhe could not ſtop her current of reading at that inſtant to ſtay and ſearch every difficulty, ſhe ſet a mark at them to be ſearched at her further leiſure. She had marks of ſeverall kinds, ſome for difficulties, ſome for Memorialls of choyce places, or pertinent to ſome peculiar purpoſes, but I know it was her reſolution to have read the *Bible* together with Expoſitors in a daily

taſk, beſides her number of ſix Chapters a day, and the *Pſalms*, and beſides that ſhe noted ſuch Places as ſhe intended to confer with Divines or others about the meaning of them.

We find in his Epiſtles, that *Marcellina* and *Anapſychia* wrote to St. *Hierom*, for his opinion of the Souls originall: ſhe had no *Hierom*, but in that particular queſtion ſhe ſpent much time, and the letters are yet extant which ſhe wrote for ſatisfaction in other doubts of Scripture difficulties. In a word, ſhe was ſo aſſiduous in reading of the *Bible*, that (as *Hierom* notes to *Marcella* a noble Matron, the newes of her friends death came, when they were reading the *Pſalms* of *David*) ſhe might ſeem to deſire that all newes, good or bad, might find her ſo imployed.

I ſhall not need to name the other books, which fed her devotion, indeed on ſome ſhe deſired to have a holy ſurfet, to name a few, were to injure her, none came in her way, which ſhe would not taſt, and if they reliſht, feed on; When ſhe began to read an *Author* is ſometimes to be found in her *Calendar*, and in thoſe books, wherein ſhe moſt delighted, how far ſhe had read, and with what ſhe was moſt affected, is to be ſeen by marks in the Margent.

She had a Zeal for the obſervation of the *Lords day*, and *times* ſet apart for Devotion, but eſpecially before ſhe received the *Holy Communion* (which ſhe did ſtrive to do very frequently, as finding much comfort by it) then ſhe uſed all exact ſtrictneſs and ſerious *Preparation*.

She ſometimes her ſelf would *Repeat* with ſome of her *Family*, what ſhe had remembred of the *Sermons*; which ſhe could alſo note in the Church, and uſed it for a time, untill ſhe either found it a little damped the devoutneſs of her attention, or becauſe ſhe had a purpoſe ſo to order it, that ſhe might afterwards have privacie and leiſure to write down what her memory would retain (which how much it was I have told you before) Indeed the diſtracted condition of her affairs, and the times, did ſtill force her to defer that order and ſetled way for duties in her Family, which ſhe had framed in her mind, and ſeriouſly intended

to

to perform, if it had pleaſed God to give opportunity for ſetling; but in the mean time ſhe deſired that all, whom ſhe had power over, would ſupply ſuch neceſſary defects (which ſhe often Grieved at) with their particular care in their private ſervice of God, and their frequenting the publique Ordinances.

If I would purſue particulars, it were hard to find any ſhore in the wide Ocean of her Praiſes, and yet in deſcribing her life, I need not fear flattery, for truly to ſet out only ſome part of her *Worth*, and to keep back the reſt, or to draw her picture with my rude pencil, is far beneath the true and genuine Beauty which was in her large *Soul*, ſo no fear of exceſs.

But if any ſhould be offended at theſe praiſes which I bring for the Dead, I have found two Apologies in one Epiſtle of St. *Hierom* for his praiſes of *Aſella*, a godly, deceaſed, noble Matron, *Nemo reprehendat* &c. ſaith he, let no man blame me for ſetting forth praiſes due to the *Virtues* of the *Dead*; it may ſtir up the living to contend to attain to the like *Virtues*. Another is that, which I may peculiarly aſſume in this place, I praiſe her being *Dead*, ſaith he, leſt any ſhould think thoſe praiſes, which I gave her when ſhe was *Alive*, ſhould have proceeded from flattery, not from truth, *Living* and *Dead* ſhe hath filld me juſtly with that argument.

But if any ſhould ſay, why nothing but praiſe? had ſhe no Errours, no infirmities or ſins? truly yes, ſhe had, and, as if ſhe had deſired with the Apoſtle, only to *Glory in her Infirmities*; as if the world were not envious or not prying enough to find them out, ſhe hath left a *Catalogue* of them upon record under her own hand, as hath been ſeen ſince her death amongſt her papers; as if ſhe had rather wiſhed this ſolemnity might have been ſpent in rehearſing them, than any of her Virtues: She had written down fourty ſix particulars, which ſhe uſed to bewail as faults, or infirmities, or wants. And perchance ſome might now deſire to hear of them (ſuch is our own corruption, that we love, like impure flyes, to feed on other mens ſores)

but

but ſhould I name thoſe ſecret faults, which ſhe impartially laid open betwixt God and her own Soul, I ſhould much diſappoint and fruſtrate the expectation of thoſe; And it might perchance be taken for the greateſt flattery, when they ſhall hear her ſecret faults to be ſuch, as might indeed have been ſpoken in a Pulpit, whilſt ſhe was alive, and would have been thought done on purpoſe to gain her applauſe, compared with what moſt of us know to be the *Plague* of our own hearts; But her ſins and infirmities, ſo often by her bewailed, and buried in the grave of Chriſt, I doubt not but your Chriſtian Charity will think fit to be buried with her, or in a deeper Grave, the grave of Oblivion, whilſt her *Virtues* and *Good Name* due to them, ſhall live, and flouriſh, and find a perpetuall monument in every one of our hearts. She was, as all Gods Children are, ſometimes under great *ſorrow* and dejection of ſpirit, and tryed by great Temptations, under which ſome few years ago ſhe lay for a time, and it coſt her many tears, which God at the laſt regarded, and heard her Prayers, delivered her out of the ſnare, and ſet her on an high and ſure Rock by *Faith*.

And ſo I ſhall I have done with that part of practice, wherein the courſe of her life was ſeen; I deſire to adde ſomething of that, which might ſeem to fit and prepare her for, or at leaſt to attend her at her *Death*.

Indeed her whole life was that, which ſound Philoſophers, or rather ſound Chriſtians would have it *A Conſtant Meditation*, or *Preparation* for *Death*; She was never long unprepared for that; the aſſurance of which, how great a Comfort it has been to her ſurviving friends, is not eaſily imaginable.

For it pleaſed God to let the violence of her diſeaſe ſeiſe upon her choyceſt and moſt exquiſite part her *Intellectualls* (although with ſome ſhort and ſweet returns) for three or four days before ſhe dyed.

From which I deſire all Chriſtians to obſerve Gods dealings with her, with praiſe to his providence, and caution to themſelves; It is the mercy of God to the living, to admoniſh by examples

amples of such, whom he wholly disinables in time of sickness, to prepare for their eternall condition whilst they have health, leisure and undisturbedness of understanding. To her Soul, so constantly prepared, and every day waiting, when he would call or knock, it was not sudden; but if at this instant he should summon any of us in that kind, I beseech you in the fear of God, let us consider whether we have our souls in like readiness; and if not, delay no longer.

But to clear up all doubts concerning her, let me tell you her Behaviour on her *Death-Bed* was the most sweet, and the most comfortable, and Christian, that ever I heard of, and to satisfie all your Scruples, this last was not it, or not only it. She was *Twice* thrown down upon the Bed of Death, she might say indeed she *Dyed daily* by renewed acts of mortification. But in a true and proper sence, before this last *expiring*, she had totally resigned up her self, and expected every moment when the *Angels* should fetch her *Soul* from her body once before.

The story is famously known to all that knew her, about six moneths ago (in the moneth of *November* last past) she having reckon'd her self to be with child, and finding unusuall Symptoms, such as in that case she never had experience of, she thought that God did now admonish to *set her house in order*, and to set her *Soul* in order, for it was very probable, he might *finish* her dayes on earth, at her bringing forth.

She wisely and frequently pondered this in her heart, and was noted to double her guard, her diligence at her duties, and to be ready to answer at every Call.

The time past, which she expected should be the hour of Deliverance, and after it some weeks, which caused great doubting of her condition, whether she had conceived at all, and sometimes Physitians and those about her concluded the Contrary, but no doubt did she make of being *Prepared* for *Death*, of which she often discourst, and what thoughts she had of its *Nearness*; and because she had bodily strength

and went abroad, she took the opportunity of gaining *Spirituall Strength* to her *Faith* and other *Graces*, by partaking of the *Holy Communion*; six dayes or thereabouts after that, (a moneth after her time) she fell into the *Pangs* of women in travell, and when the Midwife had spent all the day, and could give no help, but totally despaired, in the evening it was discovered, that it was no living Child, of which she laboured, but of that, which in the Judgement of all about her, must within a few hours (or days at most) make her a dead woman.

She soon apprehended their fears, and earnestly beg'd now (as she did at all times) that she might be plainly dealt with concerning her condition for *Life* or *Death*, which she would in no Case indure to be dissembled to her, or concealed from her; her friends did observe her desire, and confessed their hopes of *Life* to be small or not any, but desired her to submit to Gods will in her dissolution.

How would you now imagine she received the *Sentence* of *Death?* with *Frights* or *Fears*, or *Sorrow* and *Grief* to part with the world, and her dear *Relations* in it? Truly with a very contrary guise. She sent for those, who nearliest related to her, and her *Kindred* and *Friends*, and composing her coutenance and gesture to the most Majestick and undejected Gravity that I ever beheld, She fell to taking leave, bequeathing, not her worldly affairs, but spirituall *Comforts*, her *fervent Prayers*, *Divine Blessings*, her *Weighty Counsells* and *Admonitions* fitted particularly, and made proper to every one to whom she gave her *heavenly Legacies*, especially to her *Lord*, her *Children*, her *Allies*, and *Servants*, and all were such as might tend to direct them in *wayes* of *well-doing*, by which they might through *Christs merits*, meet again in *Glory*. But all this with such Affection, such *Zeal*, such *Courage*, such *Demonstration* of *Faith* and *Assurance* of her going now from Pain and Misery to Joyes unspeakable, that the image of that day and her aspect shall never depart out of the memory of some,

ſome, who beheld it. If you had ſeen her on her then ſuppoſed death-bed, you would have thought of *Moſes* on *Piſgah*, or *Jacob* on his death-bed dividing his bleſſings, of dying *Joſhua*, or of *David*, or the beſt compoſed Saints.

To ſee her deareſt Pledges and Relations, Friends and Servants ſtanding by, flowing with Tears and Lamentations, and her ſelf ſtedfaſt and unconcern'd, Counſelling, Comforting, Bleſſing them with her laſt breath (as ſhe and they believed) it made an appearance, as if all they had been the Parties, which muſt dy, and ſhe only to give them Chriſtian advice to ſuffer death with Patience, as if ſhe had been in perfect health, they in preſent danger of *Death*, ſuch was her *Aſſurance* and *Joy* from the *Holy Ghoſt*, as if ſhe had begun to taſt Eternity, and the happineſs of that life in the very tidings of *Death*.

Her *Legacy* left to her two dear Children was her deſire to her *Lord*, that whatſoever proviſion he ſhould make for their outward condition, of which ſhe was neither diſtruſtfull, nor yet ſolicitous; but fervently ſhe beſought him, that they might be brought up in the *ſtricteſt way* of *Religion* and *Life*, even in that ſtrictneſs of life, which the world might count *Puritaniſme*. The ſtricteſt wayes were alwayes accounted beſt for her own ſelf in her life, and now at her Death ſhe bore witneſs to them and commended them to the *Deareſt Pledges* of her *Love*.

After, ſhe ſpent her time in declaring the *Affiance* ſhe had on the Merits, and the *Aſſurance* ſhe had on the Love of Chriſt; She did not conceal alſo, how ſhe had wreſtled with *Doubtings*, and did propound the greateſt Scruple, which lay upon her Conſcience for the ſincerity of her Repentance. She ſpake of the Comfort ſhe had at her laſt receiving the Sacrament, ſhe confeſt indeed, that ſhe might have foyld her ſelf after, but yet the laſt night ſhe had alſo beg'd pardon (and I was told by thoſe, that knew it, that ſhe had then been a whole houre in private upon her knees, although at

that time no danger of Death was feared) and further profeſſed, that now nothing was a greater burthen than this, that although she was *Willing* to *Dye*, yet she found alſo a willingneſs in her heart to *Live*, which she much blamed in her ſelf. Although that might proceed from the conſideration of the good of thoſe ſhe was to *Leave*, rather than that it was better for her to ſtay, the ſame diſpute which the Apoſtle had with himſelf, *Phil.* 2. 23. *To be with Chriſt was far better* (for her) *nevertheleſs to abide in the fleſh was more needfull* (for us) And ſo it ſeemed good to our heavenly Father; (She was born by accident ſix Weeks, as they counted it, before her time, and had lived ſo many *Moneths* after her time might ſeem to have been expired; *Nature* ſeem'd importunate to gain her into the world, and as unwilling to let her depart out of it, to loſe one of her choyceſt Children) It ſeemed good to *Almighty God*, even to let the *Sun* of her *Life* go back *ſome few Degrees*, after it ſeem'd to be in the very loweſt point of Setting; his marvellous providence pointing out ſuch wayes, and making all circumſtances ſo concur even beyond hope, (whereof if any one had failed, there could have been no poſſibility of recovery) that she ſeem'd rather by a *Divine Miracle* raiſed from the *Dead*, than by any humane help or hand reſtored from danger.

And indeed as the Apoſtle ſpeaks, *Heb.* 11. 35. *Women received their dead raiſed to life again*; ſo did they then look upon this not as a *Recovery*, but as a *Reſurrection*. And if you pleaſe, reckon her Death from that very hour, that she reſign'd up her ſelf to it ſo freely, and if we look upon her walking ſince, we may *believe* ſhe was as one *Dead* to the world, as one that was Riſen with Chriſt, and had her Converſation in Heaven intentionally, her affection, I am ſure *on things above not on things on Earth*. Account her now as *Dead*, as one whoſe life was hid with Chriſt in God. For ſhall I ſpeak plainly, ſhe walked on Earth but she lived not after this, as to her ſelf, to others indeed she did, and to their eſpeciall Comfort.

I have obſerved two or three things for which God in his providence might beſtow this little time, and lend her to her friends on Earth; he might ſeem to ſpare her a little, and give her ſpace for theſe reaſons. The one was in mercy to her Father. The other to her *Dear Relations* at home. The third was to finiſh ſome work upon her own *Soul*, for the good example of others, her own work was done; however, in all theſe I may ſay she lived not to her ſelf as in the world.

To her * Father in his extreme affliction God made her an unexpreſſible Comfort. I ſpeak not in regard of any temporall things, which God had determined as we now ſee to cut away wholy from him, as to this life, and all the Comforts of it; which notwithſtanding to procure, *What Pains, Travail, Watchings, Faſtings*, in that extreme cold ſeaſon did she undergo, (even beyond what might be expected from her Sex, but eſpecially one of the tendereſt breeding in it) was very obſervable by all, and ſatisfactory to him abundantly.

But to ſhew that it was the ſervice of his *Soul* that ſhe aim'd at, as if her *Soul* had been held in life, for that purpoſe that ſhe might be an inſtrument to draw her Fathers with her to Eternity.

Let me tell you but this. When all hopes of Life were paſt, and after ſhe with the reſt of thoſe, who were dear to him, had taken their finall leave, that the reſt of his hours might be ſpent with his ſpirituall Comfortors, She could not give ſleep to her eyes, nor ſlumber to her eye-lids, untill ſhe had oncemore viſited and diſcourſed with him, but yet in matters relating wholy to Eternity. And therefore coming betimes in the Morning, firſt timorouſly, into his chamber (after ſhe had watched all night in a room hard by for that purpoſe) when he had with joy diſcernd and welcom'd her, they preſently fell into Conference; in which ſhe with an humble boldneſs, did ſo queſtion and anſwer, rip up and ſtitch together again, gently wound and then give balm, in a word, did ſo apply both *Law* and *Goſpel* to him, that being refreſhed with theſe comforts

he cryed out, Happy I that I ſhould from a Child of mine own receive ſuch conſolation. And after that he told a Reverend Divine, who came to adminiſter the like conſolation, That he thanked God he had a Child there, who, (though he ſaid it before her face) was able to be his Counſellour in all his doubts. Alſo another Divine preſent, heard her half an hour to admiration as he profeſſed.

After her Fathers death none ſo nearly relating bore all with the like Chriſtian patience as ſhe, acknowledging it the wiſe method of Almighty God thus to beſtow mercy on a *Soul*, which, without ſo great a meaſure of affliction, in health, and in the *Glory* of his proſperity, could not, or would not ever have ſo humbly and ſincerely ſought it from the bed of ſickneſs, if death had taken him from that.

And amongſt other expreſſions, by which ſhe mightily comforted her ſelf and others, in her clear aſſurance of his ſalvation, ſhe often ſaid that ſhe could not (if it were poſſible and lawfull) with her heart and judgment wiſh him alive again, although it were well known, that never Parent lay deeper in the affections of a Child than he in hers. But ſhe durſt not wiſh him ſo bad a change, as to leave heaven for earth, (eſpecially this earth as things now make it.)

After ſhe had thus acted her part with her Father, although much weakned by watching and faſting (having taken no ſuſtenance for fourty eight hours together, as I am informed, nor come in bed, notwithſtanding the extremity of the ſeaſon and her great toyl) Then ſhe applyed her ſelf vigorouſly to the ſetling of all things, which concerned the ſecular affairs of her Family, that ſo ſhe might totally and wholly, be vacant to God, and the buſines of her *Soul*, which having now finiſhed, and ſet all in exact method, as to the very leaſt particular, ſhe then with great reſolution declared to one, with whom ſhe might be private, that now ſhe would ſettle as ſhe had long intended and deſired, in the Countrey, and there would never be at reſt till ſhe had made her *Calling and Election ſure*, indeed,

that

that she would confer with some (one she named) how she might, if possibly, arrive at an absolute *assurance* of Salvation.

To another she said, that now, if God would give her leave, she would go into the Countrey, and she had cast her *Family-busines's* into such a way, that for her self she would have nothing to do but to be *Ready* to *Dye*. And God took her at her word, He put these holy Resolutions into her heart, and because it was in her heart to do it, it was the clear purpose of that, He who *searcheth the heart and bendeth the Will*; and having proved her heart to be upright before God; He accepted it and took the will for the *Deed*; don it was in his esteem; the *Task* of her life was finished to her *Father*, to her *Family*, to her *Soul*. (For, this let me note, there was not a night in six moneths since her last recovery from her mortall sickness, that she rose from off her knees from her prayers without tears running down her Cheeks, as I am certainly informed by those who had reason to know it.)

And now it was time for God to take to himself, what he had so fitted for himself; and this she presently foresaw, and took the first approach of her disease to be the summons of *Death*, and earnestly desired conference with one, whom in her *Souls* affairs she had trusted. She foresaw her journey, and therefore had made provision for a *Viaticum*, and intended the next *Lords Day* following (and so had prepared her thoughts) to have received the *Sacrament*: and having conferr'd before with him, from whose hands she intended to receive that *Holy Mystery*, she discovered her spirituall condition to him plainly and Clearly: and Charged him to deal as severely and impartially, and still would urge him again and again, after this manner. O but you deal more gently with me, than you would with another, I beseech you let me know the worst.

Her main Scruple at that time was (as she was alwayes full of Scruples; her Conscience being the tendereſt part about her) Indeed the last *Lords Day*, she was troubled at her distra-

ction

ctions at Church, and was melancholy at it after she came home, and asked, if others used to be so; but now her trouble arose from this That she could not discern, but that her Love to God had too much relation to the reward; She knew that his essentiall excellencies ought to draw all love towards him for himself; but still *Salvation* and *Glory*, and that in *serving him there was great Reward*, this came, as she thought, too much into her mind, and this she feared was too *Mercenary*, and *Servile*, and a *Love* not high enough to bestow on God. She was at last well satisfied in this point, how the love of God might well consist with an eye to the recompence of Reward, and was quiet in her mind, untill the distemper of her disease did disturb her understanding; at the first seizing on her, she did, with some sudden shew of fear presage her Death, but within a few hours she declared that she feared it not at all.

Although, as I told you, her disease got into her brain and bred some disturbance there, yet it pleased God to afford her many clear and bright Glimpses; One remarkable wherein she poured forth her *Soul* in a large prayer, the words of which cannot be recollected, but in effect, it was of such most fervent, melting, moving passages, as if she would out-wrestle God, and rend from him his *mercies* by unresistable violence, and take the Kingdome of *Heaven by Force* out of his hands, especially, ~~and~~ laying before him his Name, his *Attributes*, his *bowells*, his *Christ*, all his *Comfortable Promises*, which she fetch't with most admirable skill, choyce, and Fluency from every precious vein in the Rich Mine of his *Word*. This was the last continued act of Reason, which she performed, only when her strength was even spent, she owned her Dear relations, when they came unto her, did let them understand, she was now marryed to Christ, joyn'd with most heedfull attentions in Prayer, with one, whom she then desired to doe that office, gave signes of approbation, and requested that he which poured it out on her behalf would not go out of the room; after that, within little more than an hour, in a quiet kind of sleep, the

the paſſages of life being ſtopped, ſhe yielded up her Spirit unto God that gave it, leaving behind her the bittereſt and loudeſt lamentations of her friends, to whom ſhe was the moſt deſired Creature that God ever placed in their eyes and relations.

Thus dyed *Suſanna Counteſſe of Suffolke*, and thus *ſhe lived twenty two years a rare example of early and pregnant Graces.*

And now if I have ſet her *Image* ſo freſh before your eyes, that you make haſte to meet her there with any of your tears, let me, as I began, draw them to the *Text*, that by the comfort of it they may be wiped away.

What think you now, if we build her a *good Name* on this *Foundation?* She hath left us all *Materials*. What can be wanting, *Greatneſs, Goodneſs, Nature, Grace, Wit, Memory, a good Underſtanding, a gracious Heart, unfeigned Faith*; (look at the Apoſtles materials, and ſee what is wanting, *Faith, Vertue, Knowledge, Brotherly kindneſs, &c.* 2 *Pet* 1.12.) As *David* who had in his heart and purpoſe to build a *Temple* to God, left all materials, Silver, and Gold, and Precious Stones, and the willing hearts of the People for *Solomon* to build a *Temple* out of. Truly, ſhe hath left us all the materials that may be, to build a *Temple* of her *good Name*, the bright Silver of her Naturall Parts and endowments, the purer Gold of her Virtues and purchaſed habits, and above all the ſhining *Jewels of Gods Graces and Image*; her precious *faith*, as the Apoſtle phraſes it, her burning *Zeal*, fervent *Charity*, pure *Religion and undefiled.* She was all for Sanctuary-work. ~ ~ Whilſt ſhe lived, (with thoſe wiſe-hearted *Women Exod.* 38. that brought for the ſervice of the *Tabernacle* their *blue*, and *purple*, and *Skarlet*, and *fine linnen*, and their *looking-Glaſſes*) All her ornaments, all her faculties and Phancies, all her deſires were to build up her ſelf a Tabernacle, a Temple for the ſervice of the living God; and beſides, bleſſed be God, ſhe hath left willing hearts behind her, the greateſt love, and the greateſt deſire of her ſelf that hath been heard of, thoſe that have been ready to weep out their eyes for her being dead, would willingly have pluckt out their eyes (as the Apoſtle ſaith) to have kept her alive.

Seeing then *Death* hath broken this *Alablaſter Boxe* of precious *ointment* to pour the liquor of it on her head, to *annoint* her to her *Burial*, and to leave a fragrancy which may fill the world with her ſweet memoriall, let us give her what is better than *Precious ointment*, and what ſhe hath deſerved from us, (as being the gift of God to her) *A good Name*; which ſo often, as it ſhall ſound her memory in our ears, let her virtues (if their be any Virtue, any Goodneſs, any Praiſe) come into our minds; let the imitation of them be aſpired after in our ardent deſire, that we may bleſs God, who lent us ſo rich an example, and may all laud and glorifie his name, who hath give her ſuch a *glorious Name*, and us ſo clear an aſſurance, that the *Day of her Death was better to her, than the Day of her Birth.*

FINIS.

Dominæ *Suffolciæ* Heroinæ
Splendiſsimæ parentatio.

Nota Mihi non vultu at totum per orbem
(Quâ ſaltem noſter patet Anglicus) inclyta famâ
Virgo jaces, lachrymas & inania mittite cives
Munera, diverſique premant cum mille dolores
Diverſos miſcete, & pectora plangite, fletus.
Nulla domus pars rore vacet, ſparſiſque capillis,
Et leſſo; ſibi quiſque ad veros præfica planctus
Intonet exemploque ſuis lugubria tradat.
Vos formam & ſpeciem, teneræ vos fila juventæ
Crudeli præſecta manu, vos crimine puram
Et vitam atque animam, caſti vos fœdera lecti,
Vos orbam, ah, ſtirpem deſolatoſque penates,
Pullitiem implumem, viduum vos conjuge ſponſum,
Conjugium mutilum, ac ſub eodem vulnere binos
Triſtè expirantes, juncta lugete querela.
Quid memorem quantum lumen deceſſerit Aulæ
Præſidium miſeris & egentibus! optima nec tu
Non ſentis tua damna orbata Academia tanto
Pignore, patritæque & avitæ hæredè nt adoreæ.
Quid tuus in Muſas amor? aut quæ gloria major
Quam ſimul & foviſſe ſinu atque ornaſſe ſequutam
Culturâ ſtudijſque? quid autem eccleſia? ſed nec
Sola tibi decora iſta, & longum extenditur agmen
In titulos, nimioque gemit ſub pondere mundus.

Ad Eandem.

Qui vivæ venæ quondam meliore latavi
Si cur tam parcè nunc Dea quæris, habe.
Te vatum florente animi & ſimul alma vigere
Et ſtudia, & quicquid docta Minerva probat.

Te neque Permessi raptà liquor, aut juga Pindi
Aut nostrum integrum est ut prius ingenium.

In Eandem.

Henrico genitore procreatam
Nuper civibus addito supernis,
Neptem Penelopês, tuumque Thomæ
Dux clarissime sanguinem, tuumque
Alter justitiâ secunde nulli
Humanove piove magne Thoma,
Sed plusquam proavis parentibusve
Privo conspicuam nitore Nympham
Ut cruda, Deus! Atropo peremptam
Lucinæque notas adhuc gerentem,
Non Musæ canimusve plangimusve,
Mutæ plangimus ast et instupemus.

In Eandem.

SUSANNA *Moriente & spurci evadida mundi*
Mutante æthereis sedibus atque solo,
Addita gemma tuæ (quid ni!) nova Christe coronæ est,
Ut nova vel cygni pectore quæ micuit,
Vel tua Cassiope duplicat quæ lumina, stella;
Ille locus sanctas, vendicat, ille animas.

Epicedion Lyricum.

Ascripta cælo non quia cocino
Fulges, & auro te laquearia
Crustata celant, aut ocellis
Ipsa suos Venus ipsa honores
Afflavit, O purissima Virginum,
Nec quod paterno stemmate splendeas,
Vel clara tædis, aut clientum
Et famulûm comitata turba:
Sed munda vitæ, sed miserûm miser-
-ans usque ab ævo, seu ratio docet,
Fortuna seu mersans amaris
Ingenium tibi molle finxit.

Quid

Quid nil ſuperbum aut magnicrepum tuum
Spirans? ut imis ſumma putaveris
Coire blando: quid librorum
Pervigiles ſtudio lucernæ?
Hæc illa credas, quæ tua vatibus
Æterna tradent nomina poſteris
O Dia virgo; quæ per orbem
Fluminea referent volucres,
Authore Phœbo; vel lauri canent
Diſcentque cedri; quæ modo cœlicis
Non immerentem te choreis
Addiderunt, ſociamque menſis.

In Eandem Nobiliſſimam Dominam *Suffolciam* magno omnium dolore morte raptam & immaturâ.

TE quoq; funeribus gemebundam accedere noſtris
Albani credibile eſt, nec te terramve fretumve
Officio prohibere pio; trans æquora tranſque
Caucaſon æternoque rigentes frigore montes
Iſte dolor penetrat; nec quanquam mole tuarum
Opprimeris cladium non buſta ſororia tangunt,
Inferiæque rudes, & primæ fata juventæ.
Non ſat erat modo pene patrem atque illuſtria plura
Nomina maternis etiam cumularier umbris.
Quid vel avos aviaſque loquar! Hollandus & ipſe
Alter avus, modo qui cœlo conceſſerat, at nunc
Occumbit nata genitor pereunte, novatque
Fata miſer; cunctos ſuperat ſed prodiga vitæ
(Ah vix dum expertæ) thalami concordia dulcis
Nympha tui, belloque fideque exercita juxtà
In dubiis, lateque patens, Lenoxia virtus.
Nec te non horum tangit quota portio malorum
Chara ſoror Broghilla decus, nec Hibernica pectus
Teſqua tuum, durantve nives, ſcopuloſave mutant.
Eſt et adhuc Paggetta animum tranſfixa dolore
Interitu germana tuo, Thynaque beata

Merce ratis, cedrumque vehens & vectilia late
Commoda, cinnameaque sulcat maria alta carina.
Hos fas, fas alios nostris accidere sacris
Vt diu es fortuna domûs, circumque propinquis
Turba frequens, agite ô matres innuptaque passim
Fœmellûm juvenumque manus, resonate dolentes.
Per populos, urbesque & per nemora avia dumis
Susannam *subductam alto seu pignus Olympo,*
Susannam *terris immani vulnere raptam,*
Susannam *resonate omnes planctumque cietε*
Indutæ pullo, & tristi pro flore cupresso.

In honoratissimam Dominam Dom: *Suffolciæ* Comitem æternâ mihi memoriâ prosequendam, laude celebrandam.

EXtremum hunc tibi Diva volens impendo laborem
Carminibusque lito, fuerant tibi carmina curæ
Et vivæ quondam cordique; a Pallade limam,
A Paphia bona sumis acum, diversaque in unum
Confundis decora, & speculum ceromate misces.
Nunc quoq; habet locus ille alios qui carmina condant,
Et citharam digitis, & pectine fila pererrent,
Musæum ante omnes, nec abest Rhodopeius Orpheus,
Quem sequitur morsu conjux tardata colubri.
Nunc quoque clauda pedum, cui te pulcherrima junges
Si bene te novi, cantu vel tracta mariti.
Vel fidibus, simul illa, simul mirabere Orphea.
Id quoque quod docta rapitur vertigine cœlum
Et Samios vacat in cantus, & carmine ludit
(Si qua fides, si non finxerunt omnia vates)
In numerumque suo saltant & sydera Regi.
Cantibus hi; nec nos tantum contendere contra:
At lacrymas quas Elysio deprendere non est
Non cœlo, vetat ille alto regnator Olympo,
Nos tibi perpetuò dabimus, nec Byblide minci,
Nec Clymene natis, Sipyli nec rupe feremus,
Non guttis Cinyreia tuis, non Acide lympha.

To

To my most honored Freind Dr Rainbow, Consolation upon the death of the most Noble and renowned, and virtuous, and Godly Lady, SVSANNA, Countesse of Suffolke, to his great losse, and mine, and many more, untimely reft from us, but undoubtedly translated hence to her immortall happinesse and beatitude in the Kingdome of Heaven, of God, and of Christ.

Cal. Jun. 1649. Juxta Iesu Collegium.

IRi tuos mihi restat adhuc nova cura dolores
Iri tuos, ô quam & meritò Pyladeia virtus!
Deplorata fuit? Dicimnam deplanximus olim
Et tumulum, placidè positæ, & sacravimus aram,
Restat adhuc quod dixi, & sunt tua vulnera molli
Chironum medicande manu. Cui munera mitte
Autumno posthac calathis hortensia primo
Aut cerasa, aut nec se terris tollentis fragum
Cui pruna, aut pomi mixtum genimen prunique,
Dicere quod nec sis Latiariter? & tua nunquam
Dextra dedit fœtus, ut non solentior ille
"Quâ piger humentat suscepta cultor Galesus,
"Oebalia quondam visus sub valle Poetæ,
Elicere aut sulco vinctum juvenem, aut inserere truncis
Naturam, ac toto formas Oriente petitas,
Et florem, & fruticem, quæque, extera parturit arbos
Importare solo, gentique ignota Britannæ
Omnia non timidè nostris ostendere terris.
Parva loquor, clivusque vocat nos major in altum.
Quid? tibi quis posthac Paulam Eustochiumq; referre,
Marcellam atque alias? te Sunia, teque Fretella,
Innumeras scitari avidas, & poscere, ut illæ
Magnum Hieronymidem toto procul orbe remotum,
Bethlemiæ civem cellæ, sociumque ferarum
Et nemorum, pulsare tamen, dubiisque agitandis
Huc illuc trahere, ac studiorum accendere causas

Vt

Discipulæ! Quæ nunc alia clarè omnia cernens
Lumine, te propriis studiisque operisque remittit.
Nec rogitans lassat, cum quondam, aut acrior urget,
Discendi cupida immensum, ac tua dicta bibendi:
Nunc speculum Trias, & divini oracula vultus.
Haud ingrata tamen, tantoque superba magistro
Quà turres & tecta quibus tu Magdala nomen
Imponis, placido despectans ore tuetur,
Ore tuetur, & ad doctas, sua templa, fenestras
Bisve die vel fors & sæpius instat, & offert
Vt memor, & veteres tardè deponit amores.

Epilogus ad Epitaphium.

IRe iterũ in lachrymas, quis enim modus adsit amori?
Et pia ferre piis manibus urget amor.
Vrget amor lacerare genas et vellere crines
Et tenerum rigida scindere pectus acu.
Nympha decus magnoque omnium intercepta dolore,
Nunc quoque post cineres dignior una coli.
Sed metuo nimiis ne corrumpi imbribus urnæ,
Claudamus rivos jam pueri, satis est.

Expunditur ex vero S. Collins.

Upon the death of that truly noble and Virt
ous Lady *SVSANNA* Counteſſe of *Suffolke*

MAke *Elegies* that can, this Loſs to mee
Is far beyond the reach of Poetry:
I ha'no heart for Epitaphs or Verſe:
Let others write, while I bedewe the Herſe,
A ſpring of teares diſtilling on the grave,
Alas it's all the *Helicon* I have.
And yet methinks I am paſt weeping too,
Being damp'd & deaded with the newes: for who
Can ſigh that has no breath? or who can greive
That ſcarce can be perſwaded he does live?
So thunder-ſtruck am I, and turn'd to ſtone;
I cannot think I Live! now ſhe is gone.
Gone, ah, what is't I heare? what? ſure I dream,
There's no ſuch matter; all is but a ſcheme.
Yet were it true, and did I Live and Wake,
Something, and may be thus. I wou'd ha'ſpake,
(Had not grieſe cut me off, and ſtop't my breath,)
Upon the Virtuous Lady Suffolkes *Death.*

FArewell the *Paragon* of femall glory;
The mirrour of her Sex, her ages ſtory;
The Beſt of women in the worſt of times;
As full of goodneſs, as the world of crimes:
Who, when her *Soveraigne* & her *Sire* were dead,
To heaven after them, forthwith ſhe fled,
Leaving us here below, that loſs to rue,
Which will be felt by ages that enſue.
The flower of Ladyes, in whoſe Gentle Breſt,
Th'virtues and graces both did build their neſt;
In whom all ſweetes, & beautyes were enſhrin'd,
Both of the outward Lyneaments and mind.
Bleſt Lady-Saint, Let me Adore thy ſhrine,
Let others chuſe their Saints, thou ſhalt be mine;
Mongſt many ſeeming Saints that walk (gui
Thou for a true one ſhalt be canoniz'd
I'th' Calender of fame, that men may ſee
What ever elſe Apocrypha may be,
The Hiſtory, the Life and Death, and all,
Of this *Suſanna* Is Canonicall.
Indeed ſhe was a Canon and a rule,
For others to walk by; her Life a ſchoole
Of virtue; all her actions, more or leſs,
A glaſs by which Ladyes themſelves might d
Such rare perfections in yeares ſo greene,
I dare be bold to ſay, ſcarce ever ſeen;
Such gracefull carriage mixt with modeſty,
Such comely ſtate link't with humility,
Such humble ſweetneſs did I never ſee
In one of ſo great Birth and high Degree.
What need I tell her wiſdome? O how ſage,
And how diſcreet, above her Sex and age!
I think if I ſhould ſay her prudent care
Vpheld the noble houſe, but truth it were
Sink, Sink full Low, ye pinacles of Fame,
Ye ſtately towers that bear great Ladyes n
Drop to the ground thou coſtly wood and
Thou Sumptuous fabrick, now thy prop i
Or rather ſtand and floriſh ſtill, to tell
The world the cauſe why that Houſe never
And let thoſe marble pillars ſtill remaine,
As Laſting monuments of this Ladyes fame
What need I name her comelineſs and fea
Her courteous garbe, her ſoft and ſilken na
Her melting bowels, pitty to the poor,
Love, meekneſs, temperance, and many mo
But above all, her piety did ſhine,
Wherein ſhe was Incomparably Divine,

a Divine, and more a shame for us,
ady should be so religious?
we so poor and flat, and earthly-moulded,
whom Heavens mysteries shou'd be infolded,
y often have I blusht, when she disputes
hear my selfe so palpably confutes?
'twas no shame, her reason was so sound,
deepest points Her judgement so profound,
parts so pregnant, and her wit so rare,
might confound the Doctor of the Chaire.
Closet (where sometimes she vouchsaft me,
e honour and the happinesse to be,)
nisht with godly Books and ancient story,
s both a Library and *Oratory*.
w for the dayly course of her devotions
as admirable to observe her motions:
Chamber-prayers, at Closet and at Church,
w constant! none fro her that time might lurch,
now she's at her prayers, my muse is rude,
H therefore now no further I'le intrude,
here withdraw; no more to set her forth
this, though this is nothing to her worth,
long as virtue does a place retaine
earth, this Ladyes memory shall *Remaine*.

AND now may Noble Suffolk cross the seas,
And see the Line, or view the Antipodes;
And Travell new found Lands millions of (miles
Fro this Artick Pole to the Antartick Isles
Your dearest Lady in effigie,
I mean those two sweet pledges left behind,
The Lively pictures of her face and mind;
Who by their early hopes and pretty features
Promise to be Like her most heavenly creatures;
Thus publishing to th' world, and to each other,
All goodness is not quite extinct wi'th' Mother.

Jure merito & ex animo deflevit Ja: Duport,
virtuum incomparabilis Heroine & juxta-
que cultor atque Admirator summus.

FINIS.